THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

October, 1801.

THE HON. MRS. ANNE DAMER.

[With a Portrait.]

THIS celebrated Lady is the daughter of the late Field Marshal the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, and relict of the Hon. John Damer, who was eldest son of the late Earl of Dorchester (then Lord Milton), and to whom she was married, at Park Place, Henley, on the 14th of June 1767. On the 15th of August 1776, a death rather sudden deprived Mrs. Damer of her husband, and she has ever since continued in a state of widowhood.

Mrs. Damer has long distinguished herself by her excellence in the elegant Art of Sculpture, having many years ago presented the Corporation of Henley-upon-Thames with an admirable head of a River God, as a key-stone to their new bridge. She has since executed several works of more consequence in that Art, particularly a statue of his Majesty; and she lately offered to present the Corporation of London with a bust of Lord Viscount Nelson, which offer has been politely accepted.

To this Lady the late Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford, at his death, bequeathed his beautiful villa of Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, with a legacy of 2000*l.* to keep it in repair, on condition that she resides there, and does not dispose of it to any person; unless it be to the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave; on whom and her heirs it is entailed.

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Continued from p. 195.]

"I CROSSED over to the continent; I traversed Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, and Russia: I visited the gaieties of France; I lingered in the classic scenes of Italy; but I no where met a second Honoria, no second Mary, to pity and soothe my sufferings.

"I returned to England---my thoughts hovered about the cottage; and, mechanically, about two years after I had left it, I again found myself at Chiswick, and the next day at its thatched door. The cottage looked exactly as I had quitted it. It yet contained the same furniture, but the beloved inhabitants were gone: a bill was up---it was to be let: I walked in, and, in the place of the dear friends I had left, I found only an old woman, who was there to take care of it.

"I asked her permission to walk through the rooms alone. I entered the vestibule, crossed the little latticed passage, and went into the drawing-room. I sat down on the sofa on which I had so often leaned, while hearkening to Honoria as she dwelt on the delightful theme of her daughter's virtues; virtues, ah! how inestimable! Did you know her story, Horatio, you would worship her: she has been the object of general love, of general envy, and of general malice; but Heaven's sweetest charity lives in her breast.

"I threw

"I threw myself upon the white velvet carpet, which was painted in bunches of roses by her own lovely hands; I kissed where I fancied the print of her footsteps had been; and, when I touched those little gilded baskets which we had often decked together with the flowers of my gathering, I could not check the tears that dropped from my eyes upon them. I looked at them---I threw myself into a chair, bitterly lamenting my fate; and wept the privation of the only heart that had compassionated my sorrows without upbraiding my crimes.

"From that moment I resolved to become master of the cottage. I wrote to my attorney to take it in his name; for I dared not venture into the presence of Mary again. My misery was a tax upon her sensibility; and the contemplation of her excellence added to the tortures I have incurred.

"I am now settled within the walls of Roseville, far from its first inhabitants, the family I love; they are removed to the opposite border of the town, to a larger mansion, more befitting the extent of their fortune and the expansion of their hearts. I live in their cottage; but, ah! how different it is from what it was when it held Mary and her mother---all was then peace and hilarity! Mary's sunshine of soul beamed through all its chambers; but, now, in the same rooms, surrounded by the same objects, I saunter about disturbed and solitary.

"Come to me, my dear Horatio; if you have not forgotten the friendship that subsisted between us in those days of folly ever to be regretted, you will indulge your broken-hearted friend with one month of your society.

"Adieu! till we meet,

"I remain, your's,

"EDWIN ST. JULIAN."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXIX.

[Continued from page 152.]

HITHERTO I have only mentioned the features of my mind, and, to say the truth, I was much more vain of my intellectual endowments than my personal. It was, however, allowed that I was tolerably handsome, even by those who disliked my affectation of learning; and I began to receive compliments to my person which flattered me much less than the slightest praise offered to my compositions. Several young men, my equals in rank and superiors in fortune, seemed disposed to pay me partial attentions; but they could neither exalt me into a divinity by their verse, nor captivate me by the elegance of their prose. They were not capable of appreciating my powers, and I cordially despised their humble talents and ignoble pursuits: I was determined never to yield my heart, except to my superior in learning; and I indulged visionary hopes of bliss, which, according to my ideas, could be realized only with a man of congenial disposition, who could enter into all my predilections, and reciprocate my delight.

With sentiments so diametrically opposite to the common tenor of human actions, and with a romantic turn of mind which rendered me deaf to the suggestions of prudence, it may naturally be expected that my behaviour soon emancipated the slaves whom my beauty had made, and that, in a short time, I was left to the society of those who by flattering my talents gave me a high idea of their own discernment. Had a lady a taste for reading, I was sure to attach myself to her; did a gentleman deign to talk with me on subjects of literature, and listen with respect to my decisions, he at once made an inroad on my heart. In short, the candidates for learned fame of either

sex

sex were regarded by me as a higher order of beings; and I courted the correspondence of novelists, dramatists, poets, and players, with a zeal that gained me their ready acquiescence. The interchange of flattery is one of the cheapest, yet the most subtle, of poisons. In estimating the reputed qualities of the head, I forgot to enquire into those of the heart; and I have often been weak enough to correspond with women that I ought to have been ashamed to have spoken to, and to shew letters from men, with a vain and giddy indiscretion, whom the virtuous of their own sex would not have sat in company with at a tavern. But they were authors---they read, they wrote, they admired my compositions; they fanned the flame which was already too warm in my breast; and I ascribed any impeachment of their moral character which might reach my ears, to envy, jealousy, and a love of sinking that merit which the traducer could not hope to reach.

My aunt, the only near relation I had left, had long ceased to struggle with my inclination. She was not convinced of the propriety of my conduct, but she was unable or unwilling to contend with me; and thus I was left to my own heedless career. Some friends, indeed, of my father, tried, with unavailing care, to recall me to a sense of my condition, and to inspire me with those homely maxims by which mankind in general suffer their conduct to be regulated. They hinted at the impropriety of my connexions, and the futility of my pursuits. They wished to see me well settled in life, as they termed it; and advised me to cultivate a taste for useful arts, instead of those to which I wholly devoted my attention.

Their arguments I now feel were just, and their advice benevolent; but I was too much infatuated with ideal consequence to listen to either. The die was cast, and I precipitated myself into the pit which I had long been digging for my own perdition.

By assiduous study, if it can be called study to waste time and misapply talents, I had completed a novel in

three volumes, and a regular comedy, which I considered as my *chef d'œuvre*. I had duly communicated the progress I made to my literary friends in town, none of whom I had ever yet seen; and by them I was advised to bring the manuscripts to the great mart of learning and commerce, that I might dispose of them to proper advantage, and afford my correspondents the happiness of an interview. This last consideration was powerfully felt: I longed to have it to say, that I had been in company with persons whom all the world knew by name, and to give and receive that praise which is so grateful to refined and elegant minds, and too often constitutes their sole reward. After a short preparation, and fresh copying my compositions in a neat and clean hand, I set out for the metropolis with as much pride as if I expected to be distinguished at court, and to attract the eyes of the whole world. Indeed, I anticipated every honour that could be conferred on genius; and, though mercenary motives did not much mix with my exalted ideas of things, I was not without hopes of doubling my fortune, and of being enabled to sit down in learned ease and independence for life.

Full of these chimeras I arrived in London, and, as I had announced the period of my journey, I found several *illustrious* characters of both sexes ready to welcome me at the inn where the coach stopped. I had promised a female writer of high reputation that I should favour her with my company while in town; a promise which she, indeed, extorted from me by her importunity; but, to my no small mortification, a note was brought from her to inform me, that Lady ——— had that morning prevailed on her to accompany her into the country, but hoped she should still have the happiness of seeing me before I left town.

In a strange place, and surrounded by persons who were equally strange to me, I consulted what was to be done. The lady authors in general made excuses, and I now believe they were real, that they had not a spare bed to accommodate

accommodate a friend: the gentlemen, of course, could not offer a person of my figure and character an asylum, lest it should be regarded as an insult, and an impeachment of my good name. It was the general opinion, that, as I was at an inn, I might as well continue there during my stay, or till I could be suitably provided for; and, as I found my friends so attentive as to meet me, I gave them all an invitation to supper, which was accepted without one dissenting voice. Several of them, indeed, seemed to have no more acquaintance with each other than I had with them; but, in point of dress and appearance, they were pretty much on a level, and no objection was started by any one.

I had not been long in this society before I began to remark, that the manners and conversation of authors seemed but ill to accord with the taste and delicacy of their writings. With regard to dress, I considered the general dishabille of the group as a mark of superior intellect, spurning at the arbitrary decrees of Fashion; but I certainly did expect to have found the behaviour of the party a little more polite, and their colloquial powers more brilliant. I was willing, however, to believe, that an independence on established modes was the criterion of great abilities; and I felt, or fancied, that my conversation and talents might throw the damp of awe on my guests.

Supper was soon dispatched with appetites apparently keen; when one of the gentlemen observed, that, as I was a lady, if I pleased, he would do the honours of the table when the wine came in. I did not mean to call for wine; but now I found that my kind guests expected it, and three or four bottles were soon dispatched with many felicitations at each glass on my arrival, and kind wishes for my success.

Wine, I perceived, was more efficacious in prompting wit and promoting conversation than the collision of literary ideas. All were talkers, and I could only nod assent, or smile approbation. I wished, however, to introduce the subject

subject of my novel or play, and asked how I should endeavour to dispose of them. Scarcely one spoke well of any individual bookseller, and all united in painting the difficulty of having access to managers. I might offer my novel to such a one, or such a one; but no person seemed ready to recommend it, or offered to introduce me; and a gentleman who had lately received the mortification of having his play hissed off the stage, swore he would never more write for the theatres, or speak to a manager, but that I might do as I pleased.

In short, after spending several hours in the company of persons whom I had long been anxious to see, I began to suspect that there was some fascination in books which dissolved when their authors were known. All, however, seemed vastly pleased with my entertainment, and assured me how happy they should be to wait on me at any time, and to show me any civilities in their power. They were, perhaps, more charmed with my society than I was with their's; and I doubt not we parted with very different impressions.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. XIV.

Le materialisme est l'antidote de la misanthropie.

DE LA METTERIE.

He is a great and self-poised character whom praise unnerves not; he is a greater one who supports unjust censure; the greater is he, who, with acknowledged powers, represses his own, and even turns to use undeserved censure.

LAVATER.

WHATEVER motive may be urged as an apology for obtruding our productions on the public, they may, in what specious terms soever couched, be invariably

ably referred to the grand source---the love of Fame, and passion of Pleasure.

> Let me not pass without reward;
> For Phœbus on each tuneful bard
> Some gift bestows: the noblest lays
> Are owing to the thirst of praise.
>
> FAWKES'S DION.

To embrace the vaulting eagle---Fame, what sacrifices do mankind make! To live in the remembrance of posterity, fools have turned madmen, and those accounted wise, fools. Peregrinus, to perpetuate his name, leaped headlong into a fiery furnace at the Olympic games; and the vile incendiary Erostratus, to instance no more, acknowledged his only inducement to setting the Temple of Diana in flames, was, "To become memorable!" Hence we may account for the efforts of indefatigable industry in the pursuits of literature and genius, and the primary motive which directs and influences those actions which dazzle the eyes of admiration:—they anticipate an immortality of fame. Of this, Virgil treats in his third eclogue; Horace, in his "Exegi Monumentum," and several other places. Ovid says, boldly---

> I've now compil'd a work, which nor the rage
> Of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor eating age,
> Is able to destroy.

And the inimitable Lesbian poetess---

> Honour'd Sappho's muse-embellish'd name
> Shall flourish in eternity of fame.
>
> 2D FRAGMENT.

Thus we perceive the latent spark of celestial fire, called genius, is chiefly exerted for the sake of Fame; and, did it not seem too dogmatical, we could quote almost every poet and

and author of antiquity to support the fact. But will it not be averred, that these hopes were not less than extreme vanity? No! the relish with which we peruse their works prove the justly expected accomplishment of their hopes: it will be granted, if a modern should say, "My works shall outlive nations, and co-exist with time." We should deem him an arrogant egotist; but in the time of the antients it was allowed graceful in speech, and consistent with the strictest modesty and decorum, for a man to pass a just encomium on his own actions, nay, they were even allowed to exaggerate them. Cicero, on having disconcerted the plans and operations of the treacherous Catiline, had a decree passed in his favour, wherein a general thanksgiving should be offered for his sake in full senate. He calls it an honour no man ever before experienced without deserting the robes of Peace: the decree ran in these words---"That I had delivered the city from flames, the citizens from slaughter, and all Italy from war." Many honourable testimonies have been accorded to others; but, on a comparison, you will find that in those cases the record has recited some particular service to the republic; whereas the testimony borne in my case recognizes---"Cicero, the Saviour of his Country."---"For all these inestimable benefits I do not even ask the reward of virtue: I desire no monument---I solicit no triumphs: a perpetual commemoration, an eternal memorial, of the event, is the sum of my wishes. Let all my triumphs, my ensigns of honour, my monuments of glory, all orations in my praise, be constructed in your minds: let them be there deposited and preserved, mute honours and silent memorials of glory. The reward of common services offer not me---I wish them not: in your memory, oh, Romans! let my glory live; upon your tongues let it be displayed; and, in the justice of your and posterity's records, let it gather strength from time, and flourish in immortality."---But who, in our age and nation, even if they had rendered similar services, would dare to speak their own sentiments in the genuine language

language of a heart exulting in the happy completion of a glorious enterprize? Cicero challenges the gratitude of his country personally: a modern hero, through the medium of his friends. Which has the greatest right to be sincere, is left for others to determine.

Sarpentia was a man of study; he shone, for a period, with meridian splendor in the bright hemisphere of literature, and, bowed down with honours, retired suddenly to the solitary mansion of an hermit: his powers, his genius, and erudition, were universally acknowledged---his choice as generally disapproved. Crowds of nobles, philosophers, and friends, endeavoured to recall Sarpentia into the brilliant circles of Fashion and Fame. "Come," said they, "and receive the tribute we pay to merit: come, and see fresh proofs of our affection and reverence for your abilities." "Let me alone," said he, peevishly: "I have retired to enjoy the pleasures of uninterrupted solitude, and extend those ideas, and that fund of knowledge, the first and most simple rudiments of which I have laid before you. Leave me, then, to myself." His inurbanity blockaded every hope of social intercourse; but, big with mighty expectations, all looked forward to the issue, and hoped, perhaps, by his means, "to take the shortest path to Heaven, and send us diamonds from the skies;" but their projects were defeated, and their hopes reduced to atoms. Sarpentia had arrived at his meridian in society; he was sensible of it, and chose voluntarily to descend from the throne, rather than wait till Fate should cast him headlong to the shades. He was conscious that, let a man shine ever so transcendantly in life, yet the enmity of mankind will rob him of his justly-earned applause, till, removed out of the sphere of action, each endeavours to display the fertility of his genius, and the accuracy of his judgment, in lavishing praises on his predecessor; for, having him removed out of harm's way, he displays his own merit in showing his knowledge of the criterion of excellence. Sensible of all this, Sarpentia bore the unfading laurel

laurel to his grave, from whence the hand of Envy should never pluck it; and, instead of enriching the mind by new discoveries, he wasted his days in constructing the form of a monument which should eternize his fame: the designs were rich, and bespoke the most fertile and unbounded imagination. Perceiving his life drawing to a termination, he sent the trifle, as he called it, to a noble friend, who he knew would grant the vanity of his heart, without even intimating the idea. Sarpentia died, was interred in magnificent pomp, and acquired that eternity of fame which the most richly-finished marble can bestow.

Sarpentia's love of fame will, perhaps, be accounted dishonest: let those who entertain that opinion examine the recesses of their own hearts, and then compare the result with the modes of Sarpentia.

The love of fame, so far as it is inimical to the social duties and interests of society, will be discussed in a future number, when a closer survey of the passions will be taken.

Y.

N. B. The President of the Inspection Society feels very reluctant in "drawing frailties from their dread abodes;" but the nature of his office enjoins that he shall "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice:" he therefore begs thus publicly to inform all whom it may concern, and especially Miss —— S——, that, notwithstanding the envy, hatred, or abuse, of any person or persons whomsoever, the Society are determined to pursue the strictest justice in the investigation and developing of any crime or crimes which any person or persons shall or may have committed or commit (the same being a dereliction of the social, moral, or religious duties, and not cognizable by the common or civil laws of this realm); and that circumstances alone will govern the mode, kind, and degree of censure; no respect to persons bring, in any case, had or intended: and the fair sinner above alluded to is informed, that she cannot suppose her influence with the Stars to be so great as "to bribe the gods, and buy a wind for Troy!"

FREDRICA.

FREDRICA: A ROMANCE.

LETTER TO ANNA ULRICA WURMSUR.

[Continued from p. 164]

MY recovery was slow, and somewhat retarded by the intelligence that Fernando was ordered to make a tour for about two years, at the expiration of which it was promised that I should become his wife. Fernando was not so much elated at the prospect as might have been imagined; his mind, as well as mine, misgave him, that, during that time, some new plan would be devised by the Baroness to keep us apart, for to her we attributed the present separation: her motives were inexplicable to me; yet the obedience I had promised, and which I uniformly paid her in respect to my dear father's memory, as well as the fear of involving her in the Baron's displeasure, should her opposition to his will be known, induced us to submit, without openly murmuring, to this cruel mandate. Fernando, with all his native ardour, reproached me with indifference: I had during my illness spoken of the stranger, and my embarrassment, whenever any questions were asked me concerning the ring, suggested to him the surmise that he had a rival; and though my heart knew no other object of affection, the natural ingenuousness of my manner made all my attempts at deception awkwardly equivocal; yet my manner, more than my words, re-assured him, and our mutual harmony was soon restored. The evening preceding the day of his departure, Fernando appeared unusually disturbed in his manner. We walked by the light of the moon through the pleasure-grounds, and amused each other with the anticipation of future days: I thought I perceived something moving at a distance, and gave an involuntary start. Fernando laughed at my apprehension, and took advantage of them to effect his own purpose.

"Who knows, Fredrica," said he, putting his arm round my waist, "if ever we shall meet again? My dreams have been troubled of late; and, though I am ever apt to ridicule superstition, something ominous seems to whisper me, that we shall be eternally divided."

I shuddered at the thought: he put his cheek to mine:---it was wet with tears. Ah! thought I, this is really his dread. What can I do to ease his mind?

"Do you doubt my faith, Fernando?"

"No, dearest Fredrica! I would not wrong you by one injurious suspicion; but we have much to dread; and it is in your power, without any impropriety, to make me leave Italy a happy man."

"Oh! name the method," cried I, eagerly.

"It is to unite yourself to me before my departure."

"What, secretly?"

"Yes; where is the difference? It is the avowed intention of our parents, and we shall but be secured from all contingencies; besides, we need not fear discovery---Father Stephano is in my interest---he will perform the ceremony: Francisco will be the only necessary witness, and on him I can safely depend; and, even if we had a doubt, as they will both attend me, that doubt must be removed."

This was a measure I could not assent to. Fernando was in agony; he expressd all the wildness of despair, and flung himself on the ground in a fit of distraction. I knelt beside him, vainly endeavouring to reason him into composure. He threw his arms around me.

"You are on your knees, Fredrica: hear me before you rise."

He drew a pistol from his pocket, while I knelt petrified with horror.

"Hear me swear my final determination,---not to quit this country without you previously become mine: promise, then, or behold me instantly terminate an existence which affords no enjoyment without your promise."

I caught

I caught at his upraised hand, and the words "I do" were just escaping from my lips, when a voice at some distance pronounced, in an awful tone, 'Do not promise.'

"This is some trick," cried Fernando, springing from the ground, and, pointing the pistol to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he fired. We heard something fall, and, hastening to the spot, found stretched beneath a ruined arch, pale and bleeding, the Baroness! We raised her in our arms: Fernando was almost frantic. We supported her into the Castle, and made the best report of the accident we could: you may judge what I felt, yet let me do myself the justice to say, that I felt no resentment against the Baroness for this interposition, but rather rejoiced that I was withheld from forming a clandestine engagement. The wound was in the shoulder, and, in consequence of his mother's danger, Fernando was obliged to delay his journey; yet the Baroness took every precaution to keep us from any private interviews, and even, by incessant importunities, prevailed upon us to promise that we would not persevere in our intention of immediate union. It was with much difficulty Fernando would be persuaded; but the alarming state of his mother's health, and the fear of embittering her last moments, at length prevailed, and she seemed composed and satisfied: her motives were to me inexplicable, and I almost brought myself to think that Fate had a hand in our separation. The ring, the pavilion scene, was not forgotten, though the hurry of subsequent events had almost obliterated it from my mind; but now every incident seemed adding a link to the chain of mystery which inthralled me; my very disposition changed; I grew reserved and pensive, nor did the intelligence of your arrival afford me a gleam of satisfaction: your altered looks first awakened my attention; the bloom had fled your cheek, and no traces of your former gaiety were visible. The Baroness seemed disposed to reveal the cause, and her assiduity disclosed to me one secret cause of wonder. You were the daughter of her dearest confidential friend; she had loved

you from infancy, and took the strongest interest in whatever concerned you; and I too soon discovered that in Miss Wurmsur I had a powerful rival; yet I did not hate you; no! the gentle Anna was not born to be an object of hatred, even to the most envious. It is true that Fernando treated you with a polite indifference that too often wounded your delicate affection; and the noble disinterestedness you evinced in your attentions to me made me cherish a sentiment of the liveliest pity and friendship for you. Dearest Anna! forgive the pride of this expression: the distinction of Fernando taught me to consider myself the pre-eminent object; and I felt a secret gratification in that consideration that supported me under all my embarrassments.

The morning arrived for Fernando's departure; his servant was prevented by illness from attending him, and was to follow to ———. The Baroness sat up for the first time, and the Baron seemed openly to avow it as his wish that I should consider Fernando as my destined husband. Our hands were joined: we knelt to them for their benediction. The Baron gave his freely, but the Baroness, casting her eyes upon us with a look of anguish, fainted away. This was merely attributed to extraordinary exertion, and she was removed to her chamber. You stood trembling with agitation; the general confusion had contributed to prevent your emotion being observed; Fernando advanced towards you; he took your hand, and, raising it respectfully to his lips, said:——

"I wish you much happiness, Miss Wurmsur. Be the friend of my Fredrica: your hearts were formed in a congenial mould; and you will divide between you my heart's dearest tributes,---love and friendship."

I need not dwell longer on this scene: Fernando left us locked in each other's arms, as if each would hide the weakness of her own heart. From that hour there seemed a sacred league formed between us; we became inseparable, and the Baroness beheld with visible satisfaction our growing attachment. You did not conceal from me the secrets

secrets of your heart; and the firmness with which you declared your intention of rooting out a misplaced partiality, heightened my regret that my interest must so fatally oppose your's. I began to argue with myself whether my conduct was justifiable, and almost persuaded myself into a determination of resigning Fernando, since so many obstacles opposed our happiness; yet the thought of what he would suffer curbed my imaginary sacrifice, and, after a long mental conflict, I gave it all up to the ordinations of Superior wisdom. I now smile at my philosophy; I am sure you must: had I known then what we do now, I should have been better able to define my own feelings; but I was perfectly satisfied with my own arrangements, and with the rectitude of my principles, and strove to impart to you the same firmness. Ah! Anna, it was you who were the philosopher---I only a bragging simpleton. Fernando is looking over me; he laughs at this confession: you shall punish him for his rudeness. He is waiting for my packet; so I must be brief. To return from this long digression:---we went with one accord to the window; the Baron was taking leave of Fernando: he seemed much affected, and, by casting his eyes up to the window where we stood, I perceived he was talking of us:---how is it possible to account for the strange perversion of Nature! With all the Baron's kindness and indulgence, I could not love him; and was ungrateful enough to imagine that he acted more from a desire to thwart and vex the Baroness than from any innate rectitude of principle; which was not very far from the truth. About a week after the departure of Fernando, I was sitting pensively in an alcove at the bottom of the garden, when the sound of a lute struck my ear: I knew you were in the Castle, and, as the evening was rather advanced, I began to feel alarmed, fearing the intrusion of a stranger. The sound approached nearer, and I discovered a figure at the entrance of the alcove, which I immediately recognized to be that of my unknown visitor. This did not contribute to calm my inquietude, and I

would have made a precipitate retreat, had he not obstinately opposed me.

"For Heaven's sake, Madam," said he, in a tone of the gentlest expostulation, "why this apprehension? You are treating as an enemy one who would die to serve you."

"Then, why this mysterious method of conferring your favours?" returned I, reproachfully. "An honest friend needs no mask---no concealment."

"It is for the sake of others that I keep concealed; for, were I known within these walls, strange changes would ensue: it is for your sake, Fredrica, I am silent."

His manner was solemn, energetic, yet mixed with some degree of haughtiness.

"I claim no such consideration from you," I replied; "nor can I guess your motives for thus persecuting me."

"Oh! call it not persecution," cried he, dropping on his knee: "it is true that I have presumed to come under the most deceptive form into your presence; but, though my face is hidden from your view, my heart is open as your own. I have dared to love you--to cherish a weak hope that I might excite an interest in your bosom: yet is my passion pure and generous. Your choice fixes my destiny; yet, believe me when I say, I fear that choice will prove fatal to all. My power here is greater than you can imagine; but never shall that power be exercised against a being that you love."

I was going to reply, when the noise of approaching footsteps filled me with terror, and I screamed aloud. In an instant the Baron was before us: he drew his sword. The stranger was unarmed:---I grasped the Baron's arm: he threw me from him, and, seizing the stranger, called aloud for his domestics. I was in hopes that, in the struggle, the mask would have fallen from the face of my unknown friend; but it was too firmly secured, and, extricating himself with a violent exertion, he collected the utmost dignity into his manner, and, turning to the Baron, said:

"Beware,

" Beware, my lord: you know not whom you are contending with. You have no mean adversary; and though I am at present unarmed and enveloped in a cloud of mystery, some words from me would wound you more than twenty swords!---Remember the eve of St. Sebastian!"

The Baron recoiled a few paces; his countenance changed: he sunk upon the seat beside me, and reclined his head on my shoulder. The stranger disappeared, first making a sign to me to preserve a total silence respecting him: however, from some secret cause, the Baron was too much confounded to ask any questions, and we returned to the house. In this one secret only did I withhold my confidence from you: my mind was harassed with a thousand surmizes; I ceased to fear the stranger, and, in proportion as his consequence was raised by his awe-inspiring manner, I began to wish for his appearance: however, though he remained a long while invisible, he it was who every night produced the melodious sounds which occasioned you so much surprise. I own I listened to them with pleasure; they awakened a sort of gratitude in my mind; they brought to my fancy the graceful form, the dignified air, the dark penetrative eye of the stranger. I compared him with Fernando: the latter sunk by comparison. I chid my heart for its injustice: my mind was in a wavering, fluctuating state, partly occasioned by the peculiar embarrassments of my situation. You left us, after giving me a most pressing friendly invitation to visit you. This I would, for several reasons, have declined; but that the Baroness, soon after, became so urgent: the distance was but short, and such as I could easily perform on horseback. Francisco was sufficiently recovered to follow his master; and, as your father's chateau was in the road, he was judged a very proper escort. Every objection being thus removed, I was, as I may say, obliged to accept your invitation. In my next packet I will explain to you all the strange incidents that occurred during my journey.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. VII.

Every whisper of infamy is industriously circulated, every hint of suspicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully published, by those whose interest it is that the eye and voice of the public should be employed on any rather than on themselves.

JOHNSON.

I TOOK my netting this morning, and strolled to the cottage, leaving Maria occupied by her botanical drawings. Mrs. Chumney, the fair inhabitant, was expecting me; yet her eyes were cast to the ground at my approach. The interior of her habitation was just what I expected,---orderly, neat, and tastefully ornamented. She politely led me to a small cane sofa, upon the cushion of which sat her little prattler, who favoured me with several sociable smiles.

" May I hope," said I, addressing her, " that you will do me the justice to believe mere curiosity did not prompt this intrusion."

She took my hand, and, sighing, replied-----" Your kindness affects me sensibly: I am not, of late, accustomed to such consoling attentions from my own sex. Ah! can it be wondered that the paths of virtue once quitted are so seldom regained, when every avenue is closed with severity and scorn against the wretched fugitive!"

I assured her I was ready to convince her that my heart was incapable of such injustice, and tried every argument to soothe her wounded spirit.

" Thus encouraged, Madam," she resumed, " I will begin my simple tale. My father was left a widower with two daughters, of which I was the youngest, at the early age of thirty; nor did the sorrow he felt at losing my mother prevent his forming a second engagement. He was a farmer in the county of Berkshire, and had acquired a sufficiency to give us what is commonly called a genteel education;

education; too genteel, indeed, for the sphere of life we were designed to fill. My father felt a strong affection for us, but it suffered material diminution after his marriage, as a new family sprung up to claim his care; and, in consequence, our expectations were more limited; though the expenses of our education were not retrenched. My sister was a handsome shewy girl, and attracted the notice of a young attorney's clerk who came to R—— on the circuit with his master. The young man had good connexions, and prospect of employ; and had no doubt of succeeding well with the additional assistance of the five hundred pounds designed by my father for his eldest daughter. Mary had no objection to the suitor, or to a town residence; and, meeting with no obstacle to their wishes, the young couple were united. From that time all her letters to me were filled with rapturous descriptions of the metropolis, and my heightened fancy presented it for ever to my view as the centre of felicity: in one part of her letter she said, 'Come, my dear Harriet, to this delightful place: I will take you to every place that can afford you amusement. Mr. Partlet is very kind, and longs for your company: he cannot bear the idea of a girl with your person and accomplishments being yoked to some country boor who has no more ideas than his stupid oxen;---it would be absolutely murdering you. Here you may learn a business, or employ yourself in some way genteel and eligible; and, surely, my father cannot object to your making a trial, at least, under our protection.' Her plan was a most delightful one, and, as I was then sixteen, I importuned my father incessantly to let me seek employment in London: at first, he strongly opposed it; said, my sister was a giddy head-strong girl, who could hardly take care of herself; and that he thought she was already spoiled by a London life, which ruined nineteen out of twenty. I considered all these remonstrances as mere ignorant prejudices, and, at length, succeeded in removing his scruples. Every day seemed a year that intervened between that on which I obtained his consent

sent and that of my arrival in town. I found my sister's appearance materially altered,---her manners more so; and I soon found that she sought my society more as an attendant than a sister. It was also obvious, that her dear Partlet was not always the kindest creature in the world; nor was his fidelity so strong as I imagined: in short, his behaviour to me very much disgusted and alarmed me, and I innocently told my sister of it. She resented it with violence. Partlet, to screen himself from her reproaches, gave my assertions a positive denial; and his wife, affecting to believe him, turned all her resentment against me, and desired I would return home, and not invidiously seek to disturb their domestic felicity by my vanity and childishness. This unnatural treatment steeled my heart against her; but the recollection of what my father told me made me feel a proud reluctance at the thought of returning in such a degrading manner; I therefore packed up my property, and, calling a coach, drove to one of my sister's trades-people, of whom I had recently made some purchases, and requested to be informed of some lodging. Fortunately the woman of the house had a vacant apartment, which she offered me; and I agreed to board with the family. The same day, after dinner, taking up the paper, I read in it an advertisement for a young person who could work well at her needle, read, and keep accounts, with several other particulars, for which I was luckily qualified: I requested my landlady to accompany me to the place, which she readily did, and I was engaged by the lady at a moderate salary. I referred her to my governess, and was happy to find her perfectly satisfied. The lady I went to serve was an excellent woman: she had a son and a daughter, to the latter of whom I soon became more a companion than a servant. I will say nothing of the person of Francis, for to him I owe all my subsequent misery. Every credulous love-sick girl strives to excuse her infatuation by giving to the person of her seducer every captivating charm; but I believe it was more to the sophistry

try, the insinuation of my destroyer, that I owed my ruin, than to any personal attractions, though in the eyes of most women he had many. It would be tedious to recount the stratagems by which he contrived to be alone with me, to work his way to my weak inexperienced heart: yet that native modesty which requires long undermining withheld me from betraying my partiality:---the struggle was painful to myself, and soon terminated by an accident which destroyed all hopes of concealment. Francis was thrown in the chaise, and was brought home almost dead: from no hand but mine would he receive medicine or nourishment, and, though the distinction was gratifying, it subjected me to some inconvenience. To indulge a favourite son, my mistress permitted my attendance: my affection was too pure to be fastidious. We were constantly alone together, and the consequence was such as might be apprehended, had not my own credulity deceived me. To do Francis justice, he offered to make whatever atonement I should exact, even at the risk of his ruin; but that was a sacrifice I refused to accept, especially as I considered myself more than equally in fault; and I perceived that he was both affected and satisfied by my generosity. It is true, I was not happy, but I was wrapped in a sort of ideal felicity that for a while blinded my eyes to all the troubles that awaited me. The apprehension of becoming a mother first roused me to a proper sense of my situation. I entreated advice from Francis; he seemed confounded and agitated; told me he would consider what was to be done, and hurried away: for the first time, I thought I perceived an abatement of his regard; and from that hour I gave myself up to a secret anguish that has since almost brought me to the grave. Francis, instead of composing my mind by assurances such as I expected, assiduously shunned me: my pride was too great to solicit, my heart too full to remonstrate; and, my situation becoming every day more obvious, I resolved to absent myself, under a pretence that my father was ill. When my intention of quitting

quitting the family was made known, I saw Francis pale and agitated: he knew me too well to fear exposure, and a selfish pride kept him from making a voluntary sacrifice for my sake. One morning we were accidentally left together: he arose from his seat, and hung a few moments over my chair without speaking; at length, taking my hand, which was cold and trembling, he said:---

"I have reason to believe, Harriet, this excuse for quitting us so abruptly is only meant as a reproach for my apparent neglect: indeed, I have suffered so much upon your account, between fear and regret, that I have not been able to collect my ideas. Pray, what is your plan?"

"Fears upon your own account are as superfluous as regret upon mine," I replied, coldly, for his manner hurt me sensibly. "It is my intention to remove from hence as soon as I can: my future plan is yet undetermined."

He took out his pocket book. "Harriet, here is a fifty pound note: when you are settled to your satisfaction, let me hear from you. I will see you as often as I can."

I interrupted him by tears I could not restrain, and, putting away the note, said:---

"If you experienced but half what I feel at this moment, you would know that this offer of money is but an insult. Whatever I would willingly owe to your affection, I will accept nothing as a bounty; and if my society is merely a matter of convenience to you, I would rather relinquish it entirely."

"What would you have?" cried he, resentfully. "You know I cannot marry you: there was a time when I would have done even that; but now it is a thing impracticable."

"Yes," returned I, "there was a time when your love for me prompted you to honour; but I knew your situation and my own, and preferred to be myself disgraced: yet I thought that circumstance would have secured to me your affection, and that would have compensated for every other loss. Your ingratitude surprises me, I own; yet it weans you from my heart; and, while I remember the immense

immense distance which fortune has set between us, while I remember that you are my master, I must forget that you are the father of my child."

My emotion so far overcame me, that I sunk on the floor: he endeavoured to soothe me, to assure me of his love; but they were merely assurances called forth by a momentary repugnance. I persisted in refusing all pecuniary assistance, but promised to let him know my place of residence, and with this promise he seemed easily satisfied."

Looking at my watch, I perceived that it was near noon; I was therefore obliged to request Mrs. Chumney would indulge me with the remainder of her interesting tale the next morning; this she obligingly promised, and I returned home. I found Leonard reading to Maria: they expressed much surprise at my long absence, as it is rather unusual for me to be out alone. I could not in honour reveal what I had heard; I therefore made some excuse, and left Leonard to continue his book, while I went to arrange some of my household concerns.

(To be continued.)

SIR EDWARD: A STORY.

THE virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty, and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed; it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vul-

gar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and, when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and shew that state which she wished to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures, if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt for a while the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father; a father, left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant; and her affliction for a while refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her

her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered not only as the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and, with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare. She saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him: her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an

object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand-organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute, and listened. The airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room. He was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician changed the stop, introduced a little melancholy air, of a wild and plaintive kind. Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger. He threw off a tattered coat and black patch---It was her father!---She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature, at last, overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.---"I come not to upbraid you," said Venoni; "I am a poor weak old man, unable for upbraidings: I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die. When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy: we danced, and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, and our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields; grief and sickness

sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy; else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear; and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?"

"But she shall shed no more," cried Sir Edward; "you shall be happy, and I will be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done you; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure, without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!---but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem. Continue to love your Edward---but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home: under that roof I shall once more be happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni."

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

MR. EDITOR,

AS it has been observed by a celebrated and admired writer, that "vice to be hated needs but to be seen," I do not think it necessary to preface my letter

with an apology for troubling you with an instance of it, which recently occurred.

You must know, Sir, that, though I am one of those pupils of Fashion, which are distinguished by the appellation of *dashing dogs*, I still possess a kind of instinctive veneration for those principles which my amiable parents took so much pains to teach; and, though I am frequently hurried into improprieties by the force of example, I still feel the beneficial effects of their advice.

As my fortune enables me to support a very elegant equipage, and I am known to be in possession of a large estate, you will naturally conclude that the circle of my friends is rather extensive, and that all seem anxious to evince their regard and esteem. Amongst the number of those who had obtained a place in my affections, and who made use of my purse with the most familiar ease, was a young man, whom I shall call by the name of Alonzo, whose manners were so insinuating that they could not fail to please.

Though I was universally acknowledged as a man of gallantry, yet my companions laughed at the abhorrence I expressed at engaging in a matrimonial intrigue; and so completely ridiculed my ideas upon conjugal fidelity, that I began to fancy virtue existed merely in name. Alonzo, in particular, not only smiled at my simplicity, but recited such instances of frailty as were scarcely to be believed; and concluded his observations upon female infidelity, by assuring me that even the fair Lorinda had violated her conjugal faith.

Of all the women I had ever been introduced to, Lorinda was the only one that had made an impression on my heart; besides a loveliness of person, peculiarly attractive, she appeared to possess a delicacy of sentiment that insured respect and esteem. She was, unfortunately, united to one of those unprincipled characters who marry for the purpose of disencumbering an estate, and, having obtained the object that incited them to the measure, show a total neglect

neglect and indifference toward their wives. Drinking, gaming, and every fashionable amusement, so entirely occupied Lothario's mind, that whole weeks often passed without Lorinda's seeing him for more than five or ten minutes at a time.

During these unjustifiable periods of absence, my willing foosteps involuntarily conducted me towards her house; and, though her countenance naturally wore an air of dejection, my presence generally produced a welcome smile.

I read, walked, played upon the flute, and conversed with her, with the same innocent familiarity as with my sister or child; and, until the specious Alonzo gave me the most positive assurances of her infidelity, never harboured an idea that could prove detrimental to her peace. His suggestions gave rise to a thousand new sensations, and my manners were no longer respectfully restrained; every word and look testified an affection, at which I could not help perceiving the object of it was pained. Her husband, on the contrary, seemed to promote my attentions, and Alonzo was repeatedly assuring me of her regard, which, he said, she concealed for the purpose of increasing my passion, though the intelligence tended to lessen my esteem.

I was thus circumstanced with this too charming fair one, when I was informed that Lothario's ruin was absolutely complete; that his house and furniture had all been sacrificed at the gaming-table, and, those not being sufficient to pay his debts, he had been lodged in the Fleet. Scarcely had I recovered from the surprise which this intelligence gave me, when the following letter was delivered into my hands, which made me bless the event which had produced the confession, and inwardly rejoice in Lothario's distress.

TO CHRISTOPHER C——, ESQ.

"THAT you, my dear friend, will participate in every misfortune which the ill-fated Lorinda may be destined

destined to sustain, is a circumstance of which no doubt can be entertained. Come, then, I beseech you, and let me pour forth my sorrows into that bosom which I have reason to think would ease me of every care: yes, come, and receive an assurance of that tenderness which I find it impossible any longer to conceal."

Though this billet-doux was without a signature, in the hand I thought it was absolutely impossible that I could be deceived; I therefore flew upon the wings of affection to my charmer, but was struck with astonishment at finding that she chose to be denied. I was too much elated by the proof I had received of her affection to be easily repelled by this mark of her caprice, and pressed the necessity of admission with such weighty arguments, that I was no longer requested to make a retreat.

So absorbed was the fair mourner in the contemplation of her misfortunes, that she did not even hear the servant announce my name; and there was something in her grief so dignified and affecting, that I felt a degree of timidity as I approached her seat. The shadow of my person being reflected by the candles, she raised her head from the arm on which it had been reclined, and, waving her hand with a motion that seemed to require me to leave her, burst into a violent agony of grief.

This sight so completely unmanned me, that I instantly threw myself at her feet; avowed my passion with all the ardour the scene had occasioned, and offered my fortune to be disposed of in any way she pleased.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, in a contemptuous accent, "is it thus that you insult adversity and distress?---learn to know, that the mind which can support misfortune is capable of treating a villain with contempt. Go, Sir! avoid my presence, nor presume again to shock my eyes with so despicable a sight."

Petrified with astonishment by this unexpected proof of resentment, for some moments I found it impossible to regain

gain the use of speech; but, at length, drawing the letter from my pocket, I said,---" May I presume to ask whether this was not written by your hand?"

She perused the vile paper with tolerable composure, and, after returning it, presented me with her hand, saying, " I can forgive an affront that has been founded upon deception; but to whom can I ascribe so injurious a deceit?" Whilst I was endeavouring to atone for an unpremeditated insult, and imploring her to consider me as a brother and friend, a servant, who had attended me from the days of childhood, told me he had something of the utmost importance to reveal.

I left the object of my care and solicitude, promising to go immediately to one of her female friends, as soon as I had heard what my servant wished to relate; but judge, Mr. Editor, what must have been my sensations, when I discovered that the husband of Lorinda had endeavoured to promote her disgrace, and that, from the moment he had been introduced to my acquaintance, Alonzo had assisted in the infernal scheme! As the imprudence of his conduct had doomed him to confinement, another person was essential to the iniquitous design; and the plot was intrusted to a favourite domestic, who was ordered to be upon the watch whenever we might chance to meet, and even offered a bribe to appear as an evidence against the chastity of a lovely and immaculate wife.

My fortune, I was certain, was the attractive magnet which had induced Lorenzo to promote the infidelity of his wife: a less spotless character might have fallen a sacrifice to such a depth of duplicity, particularly if not endowed with a dignity of mind.

To the man whom I had treated with a brotherly affection, I expressed those sentiments of contempt which every man of principle must feel, and desired him to inform the despicable Lorenzo that I would publicly cane him, should we ever chance to meet; but this additional mark of

of disgrace is not likely to befall him, as his life, in all probability, will terminate in the Fleet.

The amiable and unfortunate Lorinda lives with an aunt who resides at a distance from town, and, from the cheering influence of conscious rectitude, appears to enjoy a mind at peace.

I shall not, Mr. Editor, animadvert upon the conduct of the despicable wretch whose name I have concealed; yet I cannot help regretting that he is not amenable to the laws of his country, for endeavouring to disgrace where he was bound to defend.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER C——.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

AN hapless victim of oppression, I appeal to your acknowledged liberality, and hope to obtain from that sentiment such consideration as my accumulated injuries demand. I was ushered into being at the very instant with my oppressor, to whom I was united by the closest bonds of consanguinity: the same star was lord of the ascendant, and the same prospects dawned on our natal hour. The first happy months, as they glided by, saw us reciprocally performing our incumbent offices; but riper age had no sooner given direction to our exertions, than my companion pleaded an absolute exemption from every service, and speciously made her pretences so good to our controller, that an exclusive charter was granted her, the hitherto mutual toil being thrown wholly on me. Thus I became a devoted slave; scarcely an act can be mentioned that was not effected by my labours, which are often so grievous

grievous as to occasion an actual distortion of my members; while the companion appointed by Heaven to alleviate my sufferings by participation, remains supine in her original proportions, and consummate in art. If inadvertently employed, she adopts such a *sinister* mode, and so affects inability, that I am immediately deputed to complete what she began: it does not avail that I know her to be in full possession of equal powers with myself: I am hurried on without redress or reward for my assiduity. Not so my idle sister. An invaluable gift, conveying with it even the heart, is frequently bestowed on her; and, as she often divests herself for the bath, I have the mortification to be compelled to deck a conspicuous part of her with this precious amulet when she emerges. Inured to drudgery, I patiently bore my hardships; nor would this impartial statement be now presented, if I had not lately been commanded to make a pompous and insidious harangue for my listless compeer, which I am in justice bound to invalidate by my counter-evidence.* Yes, Sir, I feel that my deplorable detail has excited your compassion: oh! check not the benign emotion till it turn to a mingled feeling of triumph and regret by the following and conclusive testimony of my deserts. For some years I served a hero who was formed to embellish this victorious age; I may say, that my exploits were so distinguished and decisive, as to insure their immortal remembrance: I was, in reality, so essential to him, as to form a part of himself; but he remunerated me for my arduous and faithfully-executed enterprizes, by giving me a commission that consigned me to a station of glorious repose. Magnanimous master! your dextral menial will record your praise. He then called my colleague into action, making her experience the disadvantages of opsimathy; for her subtle pretexts are not calculated to impose on the man

* The writer alludes to a suppositious remonstrance of the Left Hand, in Vol. iii. p. 216, of the LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

whose

whose penetration even matches his valour: but, not to retort the ungenerous treatment I received, I will candidly confess, that my place has been competently supplied---I have observed no error in any department; on the contrary, she has proved a mere copyist of me. Were all men like Viscount Nelson, my complaints would be annihilated. He has nobly revenged me, though this forms but one instance. You, too, Sir, have brought forward so many productions to my renown, that sacred gratitude will ever render me, with inviolable fidelity,

Your's, &c.

THE RIGHT HAND.

Newport, Sept. 3, 1801.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE OF THE LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

UPON the publication of Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the Affairs of France," Miss Wilkes, whose general taste and attachment to polite literature are well known, translated two of the most luminous passages of that performance, viz. the description of the 6th of October, and the fine eulogium on the Queen of France, for the Countess De la Valiere, a French lady of distinction, with whom Miss Wilkes had long lived in habits of the closest intimacy. The Countess, after receiving this valuable present from her friend, took the first opportunity which offered of waiting on the Queen, and of reading to her the above two passages. At the first, her Majesty dissolved into tears, which so affected the Countess that she could scarcely proceed: recovering herself, however, she read through the second passage; when her Majesty, no longer able to contain herself, rose from her seat, and, clasping her hands together in an ecstasy of fervour, exclaimed---"Good God! am I still so happy as to be pitied by such brave and illustrious foreigners."

THE

THE HISTORY OF BELLARIA.

[Written by herself.]

I HAVE a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for their beauty, and are still generally admired by those who value themselves upon their understanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, and beauty and propriety. These ladies have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by such representations of life as I cannot yet find to be true. They were very desirous that I should love books; and therefore told me, that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense, or qualify me to distinguish the superficial glitter of vanity from the solid merit of understanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life, without the help of trivial or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares of idleness, and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention seems to have been to make me afraid of men; in which they succeeded so well for a time, that I durst not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they made me fancy, that no man ever spoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the girl who suffered him who had once squeezed her hand to approach her a second time, was on the brink of ruin; and that she who answered a billet, without consulting her relations, gave love such power over her, that she would certainly become either poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading-strings were taken off, I scarcely ever heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid; for my mamma never said more when she heard me commended, than "The girl is very well," and then always endeavoured to divert my attention by some enquiry after my needle, or book.

It is now three months since I have been suffered to enter the world, to pay and receive visits, to dance at public assemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and to play at Lady *Racket*'s rout; and I am so far from finding such usefulness or necessity of books as I expected, that, if I had not dropped all pretensions to learning, I should have lost Mr. *Trip*, whom I once frighted into another box by making some remarks upon a new tragedy. I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas; but they put their fans before their faces; told me I was too wise for them; that, for their part, they never pretended to read any thing but the play-bill; and then asked me the price of my new hat.

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books I have never yet obtained; for, consider, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early: as soon as I am up, I dress for the park; then go to some auction or exhibition; then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants' names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, forced, at last, to let in company, or step into my chariot, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragic stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die as I shall command him.

As

As little reason can I yet find to suspect them of stratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my mistakes, nor exact from me a rigorous observation of the laws of the game. Even Mr. *Shuffle*, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myself, plays with me so negligently, that I am sometimes inclined to believe he loses his money by design; and yet he is so fond of play, that he says he will one day take me to his house in the country, that we may try, by ourselves, who can conquer. I have not yet promised him; but when the town grows a little empty, I shall think upon it, for I want some trinkets to my watch, and do not doubt my luck.

For all these distinctions I find myself indebted to that beauty which I was never suffered to hear praised, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. This concealment was certainly an intentional fraud; for my aunts seem to have eyes like the rest of the world; and I am every day told, that nothing but blindness can escape the influence of my charms.

☞ BELLARIA may live long enough to acknowledge that her aunts were in the right.

PLAN FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF THE FAIR SEX.

WHILE continual improvements are making in the arts and sciences, it must be afflictive to every noble mind to behold the degraded state of the most beautiful part of the human species. Our women excel those of any other nation in the world in beauty; but, alas! while their exterior charms are cultivated with the utmost care, their energetic minds continue enchained by custom. A few individuals, indeed, have passed the boundaries defined by their male tyrants; but, for want of unanimity, their efforts have hitherto been unable to re-establish their natural equality.

Some philosophic females have illustrated their claim to equality by instances from history of renowned heroines. Queen Elizabeth has been mentioned as a proof of female excellence. Indeed, she far excelled our modern female philosophers in the virtue called chastity. Roger Ascham assures us, that she was a proficient in Greek and Latin; and, doubtless, she practised gymnastics with success; nay, she was an adept in the art of boxing, as the Earl of Essex found to his cost! A late Empress of the North has also been extolled for superiority of talents. That mind must have been powerful, indeed, which maintained an unlimited authority over the whiskered legions of Russia.

Even in the most polished nations, female influence is the grand mover which actuates the political and the social body. Still, however, though possessed of the power, the ladies would willingly relinquish that authority which they have so long enjoyed by courtesy, in order to appear formally on the theatre of the world merely as the equals of man.

When the Fair Sex are re-established in their rights, a more general diffusion of knowledge will prevail, and the talents now wasted on romances and plays may be employed on the nobler subjects of civil polity or philosophy. As a previous step, it will be necessary for the lovely claimants to petition the legislature to sanction their emancipation by law. Of the success of this application there will remain no doubt, when we reflect that many of the petitioners formerly nursed, caressed, and occasionally chastised, several of our youthful senators. Would not any gallant man, like Coriolanus, rather forget his own power, than behold a mother sue in vain? and, if the spirit of chivalry is not entirely extinguished, will not the supplication of a wife or mistress be irresistibly eloquent in the cause of female liberty? Few, if any, of our legislators would be so unpolite as to refuse any request of the ladies, however unreasonable.

This

This point gained, it will be expedient to found an university for the instruction of females in the arts and sciences. But, although many of our ladies have been celebrated for castle-building, we have never heard of an university erected by female skill; it will, therefore, be requisite to employ the best architects to erect an edifice, which, for extent and magnificence, may stand as a noble monument of the munificence of this enlightened age.

When the fabric is completed, the institution of several colleges, and the installation of a female chancellor, &c. are to take place. For the better preservation of female rights, the professors should all be enjoined celibacy. No man should be permitted to enter this temple of female wisdom and genius. Whatever works the fair sages may publish from time to time, will, doubtless, be read with avidity; and if their ethics resemble the romances and poems which many of them have already produced, we may expect many valuable acquisitions of knowledge. In rhetoric, the female professors will, doubtless, excel our most eminent senators and lawyers; for, if the eloquence of woman be now so powerful, how resistless will it be when improved by study and exalted by emulation!

Young women entrusted to the tuition of female philosophers in this university, may, when they become mothers, instruct their children in the rudiments of knowledge, preparatory to their being sent to college; and thus a gradual increase of wisdom, and, consequently, of happiness, will be diffused throughout the community.

O.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE

PUNCTILIO and GRAVITY of SPANISH MANNERS:

Recorded in the Memoirs of Bassompierre, respecting the Death of Philip the Third.

"HIS illness (the King's) began the first Friday in Lent, when, as he was reading his dispatches, the day being exceedingly cold, a strong brazier or chaffing-

pan was introduced into his apartment, the reflection of which acted so powerfully upon his face, that the sweat streamed down it. The King's disposition was such, that he never in his life found fault with any thing, nor ordered it to be altered. The Marquis De Sobar, from whom I learned this, told me, that, seeing how much his Majesty was incommoded by the brazier, he told the Duke of Alva, Gentleman of the Chamber, like himself, to have it taken away, as his Majesty's cheek was violently inflamed by it. But as they are exceedingly punctilious in their duty, the Duke of Alva observed, that it belonged to the department of the Duke d'Uxeda, the Grand Chamberlain (or first Butler of the person). Upon this the Marquis De Sobar sent to seek for the Duke d'Uxeda in his chamber, who was unfortunately out of the way; so that, before the arrival of the first butler, the King was so much scorched, that the next day he fell into a violent fever, which brought on an erysipelas, which, with some intermissions, terminated in the scarlet fever, of which his Majesty died!"

To the Editor.

SIR,

CAN any of your correspondents inform me what is become of the race of plain-dressing, docile, and obedient beings, who formerly served as cooks, or housemaids, or maids of all work, in a family? I have lately lost an old servant, who lived with me nearly twenty-five years; and, though I never expected to meet with such another, I at least thought I might hear of something like her; but, alas! I have tried in vain. During a late excursion to Brighton, I enquired, as I passed through the weald of Sussex, when, to my astonishment, I found nothing but *young ladies, delicately arrayed in white*, with their heads *à la Brutus*, who declared they were all anxious

for

for places, and wished to go out to service. One of them informed me that she had lately left her place, and could have an excellent character; her only reason for quitting being that her mistress did not suffer her to drink tea twice a day, and could not abide her wearing feathers in her hat on a Sunday. Mr. Sheridan informs us in the Critic, that when queens or heroines go mad, they generally appear in white satin; I suppose, therefore, that village maidens, when they go mad, content themselves with white calico.

Your's,

PREVENTER.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XXVI.

MRS. Elizabeth Bury was the daughter of Captain Adams Lawrence, of Lynton, in Cambridgeshire, and Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Cutts, Esquire, of Clare, in Suffolk. She was born some time in March 1664, at Clare aforesaid.

As she was possessed of the finest talents, as well as a very happy temper in the use of them, her conversation was greatly valued by all her acquaintances; nor, indeed, was she ever backward in giving them that pleasure; being never reserved but when she thought her company disagreeable, or she could profit more by her own thoughts than by their discourse.

She has often been characterized as a person of uncommon parts, ready thought, quick apprehension, and proper expression. She was always very inquisitive into the nature and reason of things, and thought herself obliged to any who would give her instructions.

In common conversation, in quittance of the flirts and banters of others, she had often such sharp turns, and

ready

ready replies, that were very surprizing, and yet softened with such an air of ingenuity, that they could very seldom be resented by any.

In writing of letters she had a great aptness and felicity of expression; and was always thought so close and pertinent, and full to the purpose, and withal so serious and spiritual, that her correspondence was greatly valued, by some of the brightest minds, even in very distant countries.

Her genius led her to the study of almost every thing, having such a natural capacity, accompanied with a very faithful and retentive memory; and, taking such a continual pleasure in reading and conversation, she soon became mistress, in some measure, of any thing she aimed at.

She often diverted herself with philology, philosophy, history, antient and modern; sometimes with music, vocal and instrumental; sometimes with heraldry, the globes, and mathematics; sometimes with learning the French tongue, chiefly for conversation with French refugees (to whom she was an uncommon benefactress), but especially in perfecting herself in Hebrew, which, by long application and practice, she had rendered so familiar and easy to her, as frequently to quote the original in common conversation, when the true meaning of some particular texts of scripture depended on it. She made very critical remarks upon the idioms and peculiarities of that language, which after her decease were found among her papers.

Another study she took much pleasure in was anatomy and medicine, being led and prompted to it by her own ill health, and partly from a desire of being useful among her neighbours. In this she improved so much, that many of the greatest masters of the faculty have been often startled, by her stating the most nice and difficult cases in such proper terms as could have been expected only from men of their own profession; for she had a surprizing knowledge, as they often owned, of the human body, and of the *materia medica*.

But,

But, however she amused herself with these, yet her constant, favourite, and darling study was divinity; especially the scriptures, having from her very childhood taken God's testimonies for the Men of her Counsel; and, next to the holy scriptures, there was not any book she so much valued as Mr. Henry's Annotations. To this, and some books in practical divinity, she devoted most of her secret and leisure hours.

But, notwithstanding all her knowledge, and unusual attainments, in so many professions, faculties, kinds of literature, and most important truths of religion, she would always confess and bewail her own ignorance, and that she knew little in comparison of what others did, or what she ought to have known, in any of these matters.

She would often regret that so many learned men should be so uncharitable to her sex, as to speak so little in their mother-tongue, and be so loth to assist their feebler faculties, when they were in any wise disposed to an accurate search into things curious or profitable, as well as others; especially (as she often argued) since they would all so readily own that souls were not distinguished by sexes; and therefore she thought it would have been an honourable pity to have offered something in condescension to their capacities: and, as to herself, she would always speak with the greatest thankfulness of her singular obligations to her father Bradshaw, Dr. Fulwood, and some others, for the ready and kind assistance they gave her, in all her applications to them, in order to the little light and knowledge she had attained in such things.

She was very charitable to the poor, sparing no pains, nor grudging any charges (in her widow state), to carry on her designs for the relief of miserable families exiled for religion; for erecting of charity-schools to educate the poor; for the maintenance of ministers and candidates; and for a stock of bibles and practical books, to be distributed as she should see occasion. So many long and expensive journeys she had taken in promoting these charitable

charitable designs amc st her acquaintance, that she had sometimes this pleasant remark upon herself, "I have acted the part of a beggar so long, that I am now almost really one myself." She very much approved of every one's devoting a certain part of their estates to pious and charitable uses; "For then," says she, "they will not grudge to give out of a bag that is no longer their own." And as to such as had no children, she thought it was reasonable they should appropriate a fourth part of their neat profit (as well as she) to such necessary purposes.

She was very exemplary in her devotions, and would often say, "She would not be hired out of her closet for a thousand worlds." She never enjoyed such hours of pleasure, and such free and intimate communion with God, as she had there; and wondered how any could, by an omission of duty, deprive themselves of one of the greatest privileges allowed to men; frequently affirming that "She would not lose her morning hours with God, though she was sure to gain the whole world by it." She grudged that the poorest labourer should be ever found at his work before her; and even from her youth agreed it with her servant, under great penalties upon herself, that she would rise every morning at four o'clock for her closet, which was her practice from the eleventh year of her age; and at five (if sickness or pain did not prevent her), from betwixt twenty and thirty of the last years of her life.

She carefully endeavoured to improve the day in company and conversation with her friends, was always well furnished with matter of useful discourse, and could make very happy transitions from worldly to serious talk; but would often complain of the loss of much precious time in giving and receiving visits; and say, she could not be satisfied with such a life, wherein she could neither do nor receive good, but must keep to her closet and her book. She often remarked it in her accounts, "Entertained very kindly at such and such houses, but no good to herself or others."

others." And sometimes when she returned from unprofitable company would complain, "That though she had struck fire so often, yet it always fell upon wet tinder."

Her first marriage was to Griffith Lloyd, Esquire, of Hemmington Grey, in Huntingdonshire, on the 1st of February 1667, in the 23d year of her age. He was a gentleman of good reputation and estate, of great usefulness to his country, whilst in the commission of the peace; and afterwards as a reconciler of differences, and common patron of the oppressed. He was one of a very active and generous spirit, a person of great piety, singular temper and steady faithfulness to his friends. They lived together about fifteen years (to April 13, 1682), with such a mutual love and pleasure as to be particularly taken notice of by all their neighbours.

Her second marriage was to Mr. Samuel Bury, a dissenting minister, on May 29, 1697. With this gentleman she lived very happily until the 11th of May, 1720, at which time being at Bristol, and having arrived at the 77th year of her age, after a short illness of a few days, she joyfully surrendered up her pious soul to God that gave it; and left this world, at last, without either sigh or groan, and with the pleasantest smile that ever was observed on her countenance. Dr. Watts alludes to this in the following elegant manner, in his Elegy on her death:

> But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours, paint
> Th' immortal passions of the expiring saint,
> What dreams of joy (angelic airs) arise
> O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkling thro' her eyes,
> In that dark hour! how all serene she lay,
> Beneath the openings of celestial day!
> Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
> While the descending glory wrought within;
> Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
> And, as her eye-lids clos'd, she smil'd in death.

She left behind her a large Diary, which Mr. Bury, her husband, abridged and published; and from this account of her we have taken these memoirs of her life.

Amongst

Amongst her miscellaneous papers were the following discourses.

Meditations on the Divinity of the Holy Scriptures. The several Parts of the Creation. The Extent, Efficacy, and Mystery of Providence. A Believer's Union with Christ. His communing with his own Heart. His walking with God. His regulating his Thoughts, Affections, Speech, and Actions. The whole Duty and Happiness of Man. The grand Treasure of all Scripture Promises. The Unreasonableness of Fretting against God. The Mansion of the Soul of Man. The Resurrection of the Body. Critical Observations in Anatomy, Medicine, Mathematics, Music, Philosophy, and Rhetoric.

As Dr. Watts, in his Elegy on this lady, has given us a beautiful summary of her excellencies, we shall conclude her character with part of it, where, hinting at her Diary, he thus proceeds:

> ..... Behold her here;
> How just the form, how soft the lines appear!
> The features of her soul, without disguise,
> Drawn by her own bless'd pen....a sweet surprize
> To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
> Seiz'd the fair piece, and wash'd it with his tears,
> Dress'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn;
> A pattern for the sex in ages yet unborn.
> Daughters of Eve, come, trace these heav'nly lines,
> Feel with what power the bright example shines;
> She was what you should be. Young virgins, come,
> Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb:
> Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
> Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
> Matrons, attend her hearse with thoughts refin'd,
> Gaze, and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
> And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
> The chaste, and free; the cheerful and sedate;
> Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow;
> And rich in learning, yet averse to show;
> With charity and zeal, that rarely join
> With all the human graces and divine,
> Reign'd in her breast; and held a pleasing strife
> Thro' ev'ry shifting scene of various life,
> The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Not

Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.
Attend her hints, ye sages of the schools,
And by her noble practice frame your rules.
Let her inform you to address the ear
With conq'ring 'suasion, or reproof severe,
And still without offence. Thrice happy soul,
That could our passions, and her own controul!
Could wield and govern that unruly train,
Sense, fancy, pleasure, fear, grief, hope, and pain,
And live sublimely good! behold her move
Thro' earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts above:
Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
And nature feels it painful not to rise.
Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. Burissa knew
To make life happy, and resign it too.
The soul that oft had walk'd th' ethereal road,
Pleas'd with the summons, took her farewell flight to God.

THE UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

[Concluded from p. 189.]

"TO have quitted a husband on whom I doted with the fondest affection, at the moment when he required all my attention and zeal, would have been sacrificing conjugal duty to parental tenderness, and augmented those afflictions which I trust few are destined to feel.

"Though I had little reason to hope that my father's inflexibility would be softened by a knowledge of the sufferings I had sustained, yet I resolved once more to try if every spark of affection was extinguished, and his heart become callous to every appeal that could be made. I painted my situation in that energetic language which genuine affliction so naturally describes, and conjured him to stretch forth his hand to preserve the life of a being on whose recovery depended the happiness of his child.

But my letter, though opened, was returned unanswered, except by an absolute command never more to write.

"The worthy Mr. Dalton, who alone seemed to pity our misfortunes, had removed to Lisbon for the recovery of his amiable wife; and the agent in whose hands he had left a resource for our distresses, proved unfaithful to the trust, and the supply was never paid. The debilitated state of my beloved Edwards was such as to demand constant attention and care; but I was unable to procure him those comforts and indulgences which a diseased frame so naturally requires. I still continued to receive employment from the milliner, and used to rise early and retire late; yet, in spite of industry and exertion, we were daily involved in difficulties and distress, and, had we been liberated from confinement, must absolutely have perished in the streets.

"Dreadful and forlorn as was this situation, yet I supported it with fortitude and resignation whilst I entertained a hope of my husband's life; but when that cheering ray was withdrawn from me, and the moment arrived when I beheld him sinking under disease and pain, every consolatory thought was entirely banished, and a sudden madness seemed to take possession of my brain: in vain I strove to conceal my agitation as I wiped the dews of death from his beloved face; he perceived the anguish under which I laboured, and endeavoured to reconcile me to his approaching fate. 'I leave you, my Matilda,' said he, as he pressed me to that bosom which expanded with affection whilst it had the power to beat, 'to the care of that Being who protecteth the widow, and defendeth the fatherless, as with a shield. Yes, gracious Power!' he continued, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, 'into thy hands I commit my beloved wife: in mercy deign to succour and protect her, sustain her body, and support her mind! And, oh!' said he, turning to the sleeping infant, which was stretched upon the side of our miserable bed, 'may

' may this child never participate in the misfortunes of its father, but prove a source from whence his mother may draw consolation throughout life.'

"This consignment of the objects of his affection to the care of that Being in whom alone he knew they could confide, so completely exhausted his enfeebled faculties, that I thought at the close of it he must have expired; however, the lamp of life continued to glimmer faintly until the next evening about half past eight, when the last sounds he was capable of articulating died away in attempting to pronounce my name.

"I will not attempt to describe the horrors of that moment, for they were such as to defy the power of speech; but the Being who had afflicted gave me strength to sustain them, and I felt bound to support them for the sake of my child. As I was seated by the side of my beloved Edwards, and gazing with tenderness upon his pallid face, the door opened, and my persecutor presented himself with a countenance expressive of remorse and disgrace.

"Monster!" I exclaimed, in a voice of frenzy, "art thou come to view the wreck of happiness which thy artifice has destroyed? or dost thou think the power of death can divide us, and that I shall not be sheltered by these protecting arms?" Saying this, I threw myself by the side of the body, and placed one of the arms round my waist, which might induce him to fancy I had lost my reason, for, without attempting to approach, he instantly retired. In this situation I was found by the wife of the gaoler, who intreated me to remove into another room; but, though I refused to quit the apartment that contained the body of my beloved husband, I was at length persuaded to remove into another bed, to which in a few hours I was confined by the agitation of my feelings, and from which, for upwards of five weeks, I was unable to move. Of what passed during that period not the slightest traces now remain; but I found that I had been attended both with tenderness and solicitude, by the express desire of the too late repentant

C——, who, shocked at being the cause of such an unexpected misfortune, offered the only atonement penitence could make.

"Though I owed the preservation of my existence to the assistance he had procured me, yet I could not bear the idea of being under obligations to the being I despised; and resolved, the moment I was sufficiently recovered, to leave the abode he had assigned me, and seek some remote asylum for myself and child. The people to whose lodgings I had been removed during my state of delirium had been so completely bought over to his interest, that I knew it would be necessary to keep him ignorant of my intended flight; and the excess of weakness which then overpowered me gave them no reason to suppose I could have formed such an intent.

"The sport of Fortune, and the outcast of my family, with this dear infant in my arms, I tottered into the street, with the intention of reaching the house of an old servant who had lived with my father when I was a child; but this design was fortunately frustrated by a merciful Providence directing that we should meet."

Here, Mr. Editor, the unfortunate mourner closed her affecting narrative with expressions of gratitude that I do not think it necessary to repeat; and my countenance bore testimony that the melancholy relation was not likely to be soon effaced from my mind. After requesting her to endeavour to suppress the emotions which a recital of such sorrows could not fail to produce, I left her to the care of her humane attendant, and hastened immediately to Harley Street.

I knocked at the door with a degree of trepidation, but very different from that which the poor Matilda must have felt; and had the mortification to hear that her father was returned to Shropshire, and had entirely given up his town retreat. Though it was inconvenient for me to take so long a journey at that period, yet I could not bear the idea of relinquishing my design, which was to soften

the

the heart of this obdurate parent, and promote the future happiness of his unfortunate child.

I assigned a plausible reason to the amiable Matilda for absenting myself from town for a few days, and, travelling post, arrived at the end of my journey about three o'clock on the following afternoon. As I drove up the avenue to a venerable pile of building, contempt and indignation took possession of my mind, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "Could the possessor of such a mansion suffer a prison to be the abode of an amiable child?"

Upon enquiring for the master of this gothic structure, I was informed by an old domestic that he was too ill to be seen; that the physician had pronounced him in very great danger, and, the night before, had absolutely despaired of his life. While the servant was giving me this intelligence, the disciple of Galen fortunately appeared, corroborated the account which had just been given me, and lamented that no friend was with his patient who had influence enough to make him adhere to his advice. I soon explained to the doctor the nature of my business, and intreated him to introduce me as a physician on whose judgment he could depend; finding that he still refused to have his daughter named in his presence, and that I should never gain admission if I appeared as her friend. To this plan my new acquaintance consented, and I found my patient labouring under violent bodily pain, which I positively asserted was in great measure occasioned by a load of uneasiness upon that more susceptible part, the mind: in short, Mr. Editor, I acquitted myself so well in my new capacity, and seemed so perfectly to understand the nature of his disease, that he repeatedly thanked Doctor S—— for introducing me, and intreated me to remain in his house all night. As that approached, his weakness seemed to augment, and four large blisters tortured him with pain; I therefore took that opportunity of requesting him to disclose his uneasiness, as the only likely method of preserving his life. A fondness for ex-

istence is so interwoven with our nature, that few can think of its termination without terror and fear; and those whose minds are burdened with a conviction of their own vices, have reason to consider death as an object of dread.

"Have you no friend, Sir," said I, "in this alarming moment, in whose bosom you might wish to repose your griefs? no affectionate *child* whose filial assiduity might tend to soften the impression of disease and pain?" "No, no!" he exclaimed, in a pettish accent, "I have no friend, no child, solicitous about me; besides, I made a vow never more to see her; and a vow ought to be considered as an irrevocable decree."

"A vow that can militate against the duty of a parent, I should conceive," replied I, "it would be a crime to keep; and, however great may have been your resentment against your daughter, at a crisis like this you ought to be at peace."

For some moments he remained silent, and then sighed out Matilda's name. "Matilda!" I exclaimed, in apparent astonishment: "surely Matilda Edwards cannot be your child!"

"She was," he replied; "but stolen from me by a villain, whom I never will pardon whilst I have breath or life."

"That villain," said I, "as you term him, is gone to give an account of his actions before a Judge who I trust will be far less severe; and your child had expired upon the common pavement, but for the charity of a stranger, whom Providence had ordained that she should meet."

"What do I hear?" faltered out the repentant father, whilst the tears of contrition rolled rapidly down his cheeks. "Oh! merciful God, can I hope to obtain forgiveness, who have been deaf to the intercessions of an amiable child?"

As soon as he was a little more composed, I related the whole of Matilda's history, from the time of her leaving her father's house to avoid being united to Mr. C——; and every

every word that I uttered called forth fresh marks of contrition, until I began to fear his body would suffer from the agitation of his mind.

When the violent effect of remorse had subsided, he expressed a desire that his housekeeper should set off immediately for town, and bring Matilda and her child down by short journeys, to prevent her from suffering any bodily fatigue. Every servant in the house seemed to have obtained new life from these directions, which proved how much the amiable Matilda was loved and admired; and I had the happiness of beholding my patient's health hourly improving, which I attributed, in great measure, to the composure of his mind.

On the fifth morning after the housekeeper had left us, I perceived the chariot driving up briskly between the lofty avenue of trees, which convinced me that the health of the object in whose welfare I had been so much interested had undergone a wonderful change in the course of a week; and I flew down to greet her with a warmth of brotherly affection, with which my heart was truly replete.

I shall not, Mr. Editor, attempt to describe the meeting which took place between Matilda and her father, for language would ill paint the affecting scene; but I shall merely say, that I had the happiness of seeing her reinstated in that mansion in which she had despaired of ever being again seen. Her father seems to endeavour to efface the remembrance of his cruelty, by every mark of tenderness and affection both to herself and child; whilst the disconsolate Matilda, in spite of his attempts to divert her, appears to have buried all felicity in her husband's grave.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

T. B.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS elegant house opened for the season on the 12th of September with the tragedy of *Richard* III. in which Mr. Kemble sustained the character of the Duke of Gloucester with great animation and effect. *No Song No Supper* followed, and went off with *eclat*.

COVENT GARDEN

opened on the 14th, having also announced the tragedy of *Richard* III. About five o'clock in the evening, however, bills were posted about the town, intimating that some accident, as it was apprehended, had prevented the arrival in town of Mr. Cooke, who was to have performed the principal character. This notification, however, was only known to a part of the audience; and therefore a great clamour arose when an unexpected drama *(Lovers' Vows)* commenced. Mr. Murray attempted an apology, but in vain, as many persons were extremely violent in expressing their disapprobation. Mr. Lewis also came forward, and endeavoured to calm the tumult. They were desired to declare, upon their honour, whether Mr. Cooke was in town. The audience were solemnly assured that no delusion was attempted, and that Mr. Cooke had really not arrived. As strong symptoms of discontent still prevailed, Mr. Lewis again attempted to allay the storm, by informing the audience, that any persons who disliked the change in the performance might receive their money at the door. This offer, which might be expected to give satisfaction, seemed at first to be considered as an indignity; but at length it had its due weight with other considerations; the play of *Lovers' Vows* was permitted to proceed, and was very well received. The after-piece was *Selima and Azor*.

On the 18th the following letters were received by the Proprietor of the above theatre:

To

To Thomas Harris, Esq.

SIR,

From great fatigue and exertion, Mr. Cooke has ruptured a blood-vessel in his chest, which renders it unsafe for him to travel. He is at present under my care, and I hope, in a short time, to be enabled to permit him to proceed to town.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"E. KENTISH, M.D.

"*Newcastle, Sept.* 15, 1801."

"*Newcastle, Sept.* 15, 1801.

"SIR,

"I trouble you with this at the request of Mr. George Cooke, who is at present so much indisposed as to render him incapable of writing to you. He had been very poorly for several days past, but yesterday evening was attacked with such excruciating pains in the breast, that the doctor took a large quantity of blood from him, and he hopes in a few days he may be able to travel, if he has no relapse. He received a letter from Mr. Lewis, dated 5th inst. but it being directed to Manchester, did not reach here until too late. The distress of his mind, *on your account*, is beyond any thing I can say. The faculty, as well as his friends, will do every thing in their power for his speedy recovery, in order that he may soon be with you.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"*Thomas Harris, Esq.*" "GEO. DUNN."

HAYMARKET.

The summer theatre closed on the 15th of September with *The Point of Honour* and *The Corsair*. After the play was over, Mr. Fawcett took leave of the audience in the following address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"This theatre closes its season to night; and I am deputed by the Proprietor to return you his sincerest acknowledg-

knowledgments for the ample patronage with which you have honoured him. Repeated favour demands repetition of gratitude; and, although variety of expression may be nearly exhausted, his sense of your liberality will ever be unbounded. The Performers, ladies and gentlemen, request to join me in heartfelt thanks to you; and, hoping that our future exertions here may merit your future approbation, we most respectfully bid you farewell."

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE

has brought forward, since our last report, a new historical Spectacle (imported from the French theatre), called "RICHARD THE LION," comprising a variety of interesting incidents, scenery, &c. particularly a camp on fire, the destruction of Henry VI.'s castle, and total defeat of his army. Also a grand Ballet (produced the first time for Mrs. Astley's benefit), called "THE BASHAW; or, *Eastern Fête*," exhibiting Panorama views of Constantinople; also the British and Turkish camps in Upper Egypt; a general view of Cairo, and its surrender to the allied armies; and an appropriate fête, as given by the Grand Seignior in the gardens of the Seraglio. Both the above pieces have met with great applause.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

That indefatigable writer, Mr. Cross, on the 16th, produced for his own benefit a new grand Spectacle, called "KING CÆSAR; or, *The Negro Slaves.*" The scenery is beautifully picturesque, and the dresses characteristic; the incidents powerfully strike upon the heart, and the music and dances are equal, we think, to any produced at this theatre. Among the scenery most applauded were some views of Cape Francois, Port au Prince; an Indian Bentang; flourishing plantation; exterior and interior of La Rapiniere's mysterious hiding-place, or Mill of Terrors; an Indian bridge; castle on fire; interior and exterior

terior of the Negro's Casas, in one of which views was introduced the African ceremony of Mumbo Jumbo, being the Negro method of settling family disputes. This was succeeded by the tremendous effects of an earthquake; and, on its termination, by a beautiful romantic view illuminated by the rising sun, combining the most prominent and interesting scenery in the island of St. Domingo.

School of Arts.

NO. XXXV.

Of painting Japan Work.

JAPAN work ought properly to be painted with colours in varnish. But in order for the greater dispatch, and, in some very nice works in small, for the freer use of the pencil, the colours are now most frequently tempered in oil, which should previously have a fourth part of its weight of gum animi dissolved in it; or, in default of that, of the gums sandarac or mastich. When the oil is thus used, it should be well diluted with spirit of turpentine, that the colours may be laid more even and thin, by which means fewer of the polishing or upper coats of varnish become necessary.

In some instances, water-colours are laid on grounds of gold, in the manner of other paintings, and are best, when so used, in their proper appearance, without any varnish over them; and they are also sometimes so managed as to have the effect of embossed work. The colours employed in this way, for painting, are best prepared by means of isinglass size corrected with honey or sugar-candy. The body of which the embossed work is raised, need not, however, be tinged with the exterior colour, but may be best formed of very strong gum-water, thickened to a proper consistence by bole armoniac and whiting in equal parts; which being laid on in the proper figure, and repaired when dry, may be then painted with the proper colours tempered in the isinglass size, or in the general manner with shell-lac varnish.

Prepa-

Preparation of lip or Indian glue, for extemporaneously cementing paper, silk, thin leather, &c.

Take of isinglass glue and parchment glue each one ounce, of sugar-candy and gum tragacanth each two drams. Add to them an ounce of water, and boil the whole together till the mixture appears, when cold, of the proper consistence of glue. Then form it into small rolls, or any other figure that may be most convenient.

This glue may be wet with the tongue, and rubbed on the edges of the paper, silk, &c. that are to be cemented, and will, on their being laid together, and suffered to dry, unite them as firmly as any other part of the substance.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A brown chip hat trimmed with yellow riband and wreath. The gown plain, with a cape behind standing up. A black lace cloak à la Spencer. Yellow shoes.

2. A chip hat turned up with purple, and a wreath of convolvulusses. A blue muslin gown. White Spencer cloak; white gloves; and purple shoes.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. Head dress blue crape, with blue and white feathers, and white satin beads in rows, and spotted over the crown. The gown open in front, with full sleeves of white muslin. The handkerchief with cape and lappels, and the close sleeves of the gown of blue crape. Shoes blue; and gloves white.

4. Head dress of pink crape trimmed with white, and pink feathers. The gown white muslin over a body of pink satin, with sleeves of the same. The trimming round the neck and on the shoulders of pink crape. Shoes pink satin.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
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OCT

Morning Dress for Oct.r 1801.

Keep, Milliner, Pall Mall.

Afternoon Dress for Oct.r 1801.

Wirgman, Dress Maker, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

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The Apollonian Wreath.

OCTOBER: A PASTORAL POEM.

[BY DR. W. PERFECT.]

Welcome, ye shades, ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines, ye venerable oaks,
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep;
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring.

THOMSON.

YE dryads who woo the recess
Where the oak's ample shadows extend,
To your haunts of retirement I press
The Muse they so fondly befriend:
From morning, too brilliant, I stray
From Sol's fierce meridian blaze,
When mute is the chorister's lay,
And pointed his vertical rays.

Retirement, how sweet is thy pow'r!
I fly from the indolent breeze,
Secede from the heat-panting tow'rs---
Receive me, ye gloom-shedding trees:
With you lonely silence prevails,
You shelter my Celadon's seat,
Whose cot no ambition assails,
Save that to be honour'd, and neat.

No sycophant here can be heard,
Where friendship soft quietude seeks;
Sincerity utters the word,
From lips of veracity speaks:
What though in this temperate site,
This hermitage, decent and clean,
No sash of high polish the light
Reflects, to illumine the scene;

What though to the unadorn'd wall
Her chissel does Sculpture deny,
No portal conducts to the hall,
Whose paintings replenish the eye;
Yet here to her garden of sweets
Calm Solitude leads by the hand
The hind whom felicity greets,
Who scorns the least wish to be grand.

The bright fascination of wealth
No envy to Celadon brings;
Be his but contentment and health,
With pity he looks down on kings:
Exempt from vexation and strife,
Devotion pours balm on his breast;
How smooth is that tenor of life
Where conscience sheds poppies of rest!

Though lost are the posies of spring,
Their blossoms all gone to decay;
Rusina the lily shall bring,
As sweet and as soft as the May:
Transcendently white are her flow'rs,
Most gracefully fair to the sight;
In silver-like grandeur she tow'rs,
The garden's chief pride and delight.

The

The amaranth has not denied
The eglantine's blossom to join;
The currant I see by her side,
Couch'd under the fair-spreading vine:
The boughs of the cherry and pear
A canopy mutually form,
His cottage from perils to spare,
When wages the war of the storm.

And clouds now collecting, behold,
Opaque is the regent of light,
What horrors at mid-day unfold,
Appears an unseasonable night:
The thunder, impressive of pain,
Rolls awfully solemn around;
And now it reverb'rates again --
Tremendous, indeed, is the sound!

How dark and how dismal the scene!
Now rushes in torrents the rain---
Red flashes of fate intervene---
How shakes with convulsion the plain!
Let elements, fretful, contend,
All ether dissolve in a blaze,
To the soul of my unappall'd friend
Their fury no terror conveys.

The wonderful concert is o'er,
Hush'd all its impetuous rage;
Great Ruler, to thee let me pour
The thanks that my bosom engage!
The tempest is o'er, and the sun
Descends with his Thetis to rest;
If e'er by my theme thou wast won,
Come, Delia, sole queen of my breast.

Lo, Evening, meek daughter of Day,
As thee in appearance serene,
Her smiles shall enliven my lay,
So calm and unclouded her mien.
The lark to her nestlings descends,
The woods deepen faster to brown;
To rest the poor cottager bends,
And lays him contentedly down.

The flocks and the herds, all at large,
Their coverts of coolness now leave,
To taste of the rill's verdant marge,
And share the rich gifts of the eve:
The swallow, in search of his prey,
Skims lightly o'er thistle and brake;
Glides swift, as for plunder or play,
He dashes the bed of the lake.

How bright are the smiles of thy youth,
Where Summer perpetually reigns;
Thou gem of original truth,
We'll join in the dance of the plains:
Through fields, where the purple-ey'd tare
Blooms lavish, thy presence to greet;
To glades of refreshment repair,
Where offers the moss-cushion'd seat.

To gain a repast for the eye,
Yon eminence let us explore;
There, Delia, together descry
The streamers that crimson the shore;
Till day by gradation shall fade,
The evening's last shadows prevail;
And Cynthia, soft mantled in shade,
Full orb'd, tells her marvellous tale.

Sole boast of my pastoral lay!
Dear maid of my uniform love!
The morn of the long summer's day,
And noon, must to evening remove;
But soon, when her shadows are fled,
Aurora the day shall renew;
The sun shall arise from his bed,
And relumine each beautiful view.

How like is the portrait of man!
The morn of his infancy fades;
The race of his manhood soon ran,
Then age bends him down to the shades.
But as bright as Aurora's return
Regenerate man shall arise;
Triumphant burst forth from the urn,
And beam in the bliss of the skies.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL BUT UNFORTUNATE LADY.

[BY THE SAME.]

"She set, like falling stars, to rise no more."

IN Fashion's gay horizon found,
With general admiration crown'd,
She beam'd, from Beauty's car,
The splendid meteor of a crowd:
This exhalation, in a cloud,
Prov'd but a falling star!

THE DEATH OF JANE.

DREAD war with fury burst aloud,
And thunders shook the skies in vain;
Grim Death with pleasure view'd the crowd
That hurried to his darken'd plain.

Young Eugene, with a manly glow,
His bosom fill'd with glory's pride,
Rush'd boldly midst his country's foe
The fate of battle to decide.

With uplift arm, and quick'ning pace,
A savage enemy drew nigh;
To sink Eugene in Death's embrace,
He wav'd his glist'ning sword on high.

Around his breast a soldier clings,
And dauntless met the fatal blow;
The vital stream of life's sole springs
In copious floods began to flow.

"Oh! Eugene dear," the soldier cried,
"May'st thou with happiness be crown'd;
"Behold your Jane, thy faithful bride!"—
Then sunk upon the crimson ground.

A livid hue o'erspread her face---
Her falt'ring tongue no more could say;
Pure angels, bright with heav'nly grace,
Soon bore her spirit far away.

F.

July 22, 1801.

LINES

Sent to a young Lady at Plymstock, a sweet sequestered Village near Plymouth.

THAT sweet sequester'd spot to find,
I've travell'd long intent;
That spot to Fancy's care consign'd,
"The dwelling of Content."

I pause at Plymstock's peaceful scenes,
Ask Reason if I'm right;
Is this the place where evergreens
Of peace and love unite?

This spot should shun the city's strife,
Be peopled with mankind:
Society still sweetens life,
And meliorates the mind.

This spot in Nature's vary'd vest
With placid smiles should win;
The hamlet here, with neatness drest,
Should speak the store within.

Ease should express the owner's taste,
Without too conscious care;
In simple order should be trac'd
A willing welcome there.

A decent house of pray'r should stand
Conspicuous to the view;
Pray'r teaches us to prize the Hand
By which we blessings knew.

Pray'r gives our pleasing thoughts the tone
To place this dwelling right;
And gratitude's a corner-stone
To keep the dwelling tight.

Say....

Say---should she have a fav'rite child?
(Few favourites feed with joy)
Yes---for content is still so mild,
Her sweets can never cloy.

Reason acknowledges I'm right,
And Plymstock proves the spot;
Content has cast celestial light
Around her hallow'd cot.

Yes---she has plac'd her cottage there,
Meek, morning-like, and mild:
Long, Plymstock, prove her choicest care,
And thou her fav'rite child!

To the Editor.

SIR,

There is an institution lately established at Rosstrevor, near Newry, in Ireland. A lady, of great benevolence, has opened a shop, or repository, there, and stocked it with a variety of goods. These she has constantly retailed out to the numerous visitants of that beautiful village during the bathing-season, and throughout the year. The profits thus made she charitably devotes to the support and education of eighteen poor female children. I send you a list of the goods, which I formed at her request; and, if you think it worthy the attention of your numerous polite readers, beg you will favour it with a place in your admired MUSEUM.

Your's, &c. &c.

Dromore, Sept. 1801. HAFIZ.

LIST of GOODS for SALE, at the CHARITABLE REPOSITORY in ROSSTREVOR.

IN this rural retreat, where, when Sol o'er the plain
Effuses the fervours of Summer's bright ray,
Health's vot'ries assemble, and Pleasure's gay train
Resort to drive *ennui* and languor away:
In Rosstrevor's sweet shades, where Politeness has fix'd
The seat of her easy attractive dominion;
Where Gravity's group is with Gaiety's mix'd,
And good humour still governs the gen'ral opinion;
Where soft Sensibility reigns in each heart,
With Charity forming a tender connexion;
And Beauty and Fashion their splendors impart,
To heighten each charm, and sublime each affection;

In

In this fav'rite abode I have open'd a *shop*,
Whose profits are destin'd for *female protection*;
And for public support now I earnestly hope,
Whilst a list of my goods I submit for inspection.
In assortments of fancy you'll find I excel,
Of every description, at various prices;
Here are *pole-screens* and *hand-screens*, to guard the young belle,
With *ink-stands* and *tablets* of all sorts and sizes.
My *flow'rs artificial* are curious and rare,
And so are my *boxes* for dressing or writing:
Not Kertland himself e'er could boast of such ware
As my *necklaces*, lustre and beauty uniting.
Here are elegant *work-bags*, some netted with silk
(Soft toils, that e'en Cupid might covet!) all over;
While my nice *needle-cases* would any swain bilk
Of his cash, if a present he sought for his lover.
All my *ribands* and *fans* are selected with taste,
And to ornament add the advantage of use:
I have excellent *puffs*---my *hair-powder* is chaste---
Sweet scents my *pomatum* and *lip-salve* produce.
If a waning complexion, in Nature's despite,
Would resume the young rose-bud's soft delicate dye,
I keep *rouge*, that deceives the most critical sight:
My *cosmetics* make wrinkles from Age's brow fly!
If you ever have sail'd past Arabia's blest shore,
And breath'd the sweet breeze that had rifled her bow'rs,
It may some faint idea convey---but, no more,
Of my essences' strong odoriferous pow'rs.
I have *soap* with the violet's virtues imbu'd,
That beautifies vastly, and softens the skin;
My *salts* with such pungency, too, are endu'd---
Their way to life's seat they will instantly win.
In this age ---not of iron, but---paper and gold,---
Tho' *gold* now has got on the wings of the wind,
And great is the danger, I've lately been told,
That soon it will leave only *paper* behind!
In this age, then, of *paper*, if such it must be,
I have laid in a stock, lest times shou'dn't grow better
So a gen'ral assortment you'll now find with me,
For writing, accounts, or conversing by letter.
But, as the main drift of my mercantile plan
Is to aid, and instruct, too, the ignorant poor,
As much as by means so contracted I can,
Of fit books, for their use, I have purchas'd a store.

Among

Among these, first, the *Bible* and *Testament* stand;
Next, the *Spelling-book*, *Reading-made Easy*, and *Primer*;
With tuneful selections by Watts' skilful hand,
And likewise from bountiful Barbauld and Trimmer.
Nor have I been negligent, suitable stocks
Of *hardware*, and *cutlery*, too, to procure;
Such as *penknives* and *scissars*, *hooks*, *hinges*, and *locks*,
Of ev'ry dimension, for desk, gate, or door.
From *Fortune** I also advantage derive,
How fickle soe'er she to others may prove---
To favour my projects she seems to connive
With Benevolence, Beauty, and Virtue, and Love.
But no longer, my friends, now your patience I'll try,
By detailing my list, or explaining my aim;
When you visit Rosstrevor, pray, don't pass me by,
And I trust to support you'll acknowledge my claim.

S——.

LINES ON A KNOT OF BUSY BODIES.

[From a Lover to his Mistress.]

SAY, can my soul such stoic firmness prove,
To listen to those lips that of thee move,
To listen to those lips, and cease to love?
One paints the wonders of thy perfect face;
Another marks thy form's magnetic grace;
A third, with deeper ken, describes thy mind,
And shews meek wisdom with thy charms entwin'd:
Thus all conspire to close thee in my breast,
They lock thee there, and then disturb my rest,
By strange enquiries why I ever sigh,
And why the tear-drop dulls my thoughtful eye?
Incessant troublers! when my stricken heart,
Heav'd with new feelings, shrinking from the smart,
You struck into its panting sides the burning dart.
Then, cease these struggles---cease to urge my pain;
You rend my breast to tear it back again.

AMANDUS.

---

* This alludes to raffles for ladies' work, and lotteries, the gains of all which go to the support of the charity. The name of the benevolent patroness of this institution is Mrs. STEWART.

AN ANSWER TO THE

ENCOMIUM ON THE BLUE EYE:

(From a small collection of Poems.)

BY THE REV. PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

FAINT are your eyes of heavenly blue,
While Delia's eyes of jet I view;
To those the colour only given,
To these the fire and force of Heaven:
With rapid stroke they reach the heart;
They from their liquid circles dart
(More magical their circles prove!)
The flame of Cupid and of Jove.
Her cheeks no blushes need betray,
That man, approving, owns her sway;
With rose, as lenient as benign,
Need not regret that lovers pine;
To them denied the leisure hour,
To them denied the frigid power,
With lightning, and in rapture, slain,
Or to approve, or to complain;
The dread decree they do not wait;
Her look is instantaneous fate:
They heave not the repeated sigh---
Of electricity they die!

TO MARY.

AH! why does Mary heave that sigh,
And wear a pensive air!
Does any silent sorrow lie
Within thy bosom, dearest Fair?

Has any wish a dwelling there,
Or grief till now you never knew?
If such there be, ah! cease, my Fair---
I sigh, I sigh, enough for you!

Middle Temple Lane. J. P. H.

THE

THE LOVER'S SIGH.

ART thou not dear unto my heart?
Ah! search that heart and see,
And from my bosom tear the part
That beats not true to thee.

But to that bosom thou art dear;
More dear than words can tell;
And, if a fault be cherish'd there,
'Tis loving thee too well!

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Car-mine.
------II.—War-wick.
-----III.—True-love.

NEW CHARADES.

MY First doth affliction denote,
Which my Second is destin'd to feel;
My Whole is a sure antidote
That affliction to soften and heal.

CHARADE II.

MY First is a magnet that draws
The social and happy together;
And those who would quarrel for straws
Are combin'd, as it were, by a tether.

My Second is meant to protect
Our property, person, and lives;
My Whole is deserving respect,
For defending both country and wives.

Corre-

Correspondence, &c.

ALL communications for this Work should be addressed to the Editor, at Messrs. Vernor and Hood's, in the Poultry.

C. T.'s *Poetry is neither correct nor interesting enough for our purpose.*

The Anecdote of a Sheriff of London *is not suited to a Work devoted solely to the service of the* Fair Sex. *It is, beside, somewhat stale and hackneyed.*

Many articles have been unavoidably postponed till next month: among which are-----A Parallel between Wit and Beauty---Cottage of Love---The Beggar---The Scruple---To a Friend, &c.---Modesty --The Circassians---Les Têtes à Perruques, *&c.*

The Paper mentioned by J. N. *has been left, agreeable to his desire, in H———n G ——n.*

We would rather that J. N. *should turn his talents to some other subject than that very delicate and sensitive one to which he alludes: the* Passion of Love *is dangerous ground to take for a* Series of Letters.---*To render the* Lady's Monthly Museum *agreeable, but not injurious, to the young, and worthy the countenance of those of riper years (whether in the capacity of parents, guardians, or governesses), the Editor finds the most scrupulous caution necessary in perusing all the* MSS. *of the numerous contributors to the Work. Some recent attempts have convinced him, that the hundred eyes of Argus would almost be needful to secure him against the attempts of the insidious.*

If the Author of Filial Affection, *or,* The Amiable Soldier, *which was begun in p.* 219 *of our 5th Volume, be living, we should be glad, even at this distance of time, to receive the conclusion of that Tale.---We are obliged to* M. E. S. *for her polite note.*

We have received, during the last two months, several well-written Papers, from different correspondents, commenting on the Letter of Frank Candid, *in p.* 78 *of our number for August last; some treating it gravely, others sarcastically; but all so unequivocally censuring, and effectually controverting, the praise bestowed on "A Marvellous Story," that (though, to avoid even the suspicion of partiality, we forbear to insert* any *of them, because we cannot insert* all) *we must express our concern, that the writer alluded to should have used the medium of* "The Inspector" *to impose on us and our readers a panegyric on a Work, which, by all our accounts, merits any thing but praise.---We do not allude to any work in particular; but, whatever publication shall be obviously written to defame private character, or shall be subversive of the interests of Religion or Morality, deserves not only the sharpest arrow from the Quiver of Criticism, but the detestation of man, woman, and child, of every degree. This note, we hope, will be accepted as a general apology for the non-insertion of the favours of* R. L.---The Throne of Justice---A. M. G.---A Matron ---The Mother of a Family---S. M.---Cornelia---A Well-wisher---M. B. *&c. &c. &c.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Mackenzie sc.

J. M. Roland,

Wife of the ex-minister of the interior

Born at Paris, 1756. condemned to death, 1793.

Published Nov.r 1.1801. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.